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OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

"UTILE DULCI."

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Men and Manners.

NO. XX.

PISA.

FROM L'ERMITE EN ITALIE, THE LATEST WORK OF MR. JOUY.

[Translated expressly for the Kaleidoscope.]

The church, square, and buildings of the Chevaliers of the order of St. Stephen, instituted in 1561 or 1570, by the Archduke Cosmo, were the first objects of my attention the following day. The church contains fine pictures. The four corners of the vaults are ornamented with flags taken from the Turks and the states of Barbary by these Chevaliers, of whose order Pisa is the chief place. Their uniform is red, and they wear epaulets like those of the Colonels of the French army. The protection of maritime commerce against the states of Barbary is entrusted to this order. It is, like that of Malta, composed of high bailiffs, military commanders, priors, and other dignitaries; and, for the last four centuries at least, none but the sons of noble families have been admitted to it. The Chevaliers make no vow of celibacy. When Tuscany was united to France, they solicited from the Grand Duchess Eliza and her brother Napoleon, the support of their statutes and privileges, and the preservation of their domains; they even invited Bonaparte to wear, as their chief, their uniform and decorations; but this availed them nothing, and they were obliged to undergo the general suppression.

Strangers shudder as they pass a tower near the square of the Chevaliers, called *Torre della fame*, in which the Count Ugolino Gherardesca, with his two sons and his two grand-sons died of hunger. The Count and his children, after having been made prisoners by the party of the Archbishop of Pisa, were confined in this prison, and left there to perish. I never passed it without remembering the famous verses of Dante, who, in the thirty-third canto of the Inferno, records this tragical story in such a manner as to impress his readers with horror. He places the Archbishop Ruggieri in hell, and represents the Count Ugolino gnawing his skull. Michel Angelo has consecrated the remembrance of this frightful scene upon a marble placed in the palace of the Counts of Gherardesca, at Florence. Such has ever been, and ever will be the fury of party.

The church of St. Michel is celebrated for its subterranean choir. It encloses a marble tomb, containing another of cypress-wood, in which reposes the body of the blessed Dominican Vernagalli, a nobleman of Pisa, and the founder of the Foundling Hospital.

A small church, called *Santa Maria della Spina*, was built in 1230, and is famous all over Italy for its modern Gothic architecture, mingled with ornaments in Arabesque and Moresque. It possesses a twig of the crown of thorns, worn by our Saviour. Time has caused this building to sink from fifteen to twenty feet into the ground. These two monuments, as well as many other buildings, both for sacred and profane purposes, served formerly as temples to the Gentiles. The dome, of which I have spoken, occupies the site of a palace of Adrian, several parts of which have been preserved and converted into sacred buildings.

The observatory is much visited by astronomers from foreign countries, who go there to study the heavens, understood, no doubt, by them much better than the earth upon which they so seldom deign to look. The botanic garden is extensive, and contains many exotic plants, which have become naturalized under the fine sun of Pisa. I remarked there a vine more than thirty feet high, and at least four feet in circumference, and took shelter under a wood of very thick laurels, from forty to fifty feet high.

This town formerly contained a great number of Greek and Roman monuments. Ceres had her temple there, which is now replaced by the church and convent of St. Nicolas. The temple of Mars is now dedicated to Saint Michel.

The vestiges of the baths of Nero, now known by the name of Laconico or Sudatorio, are situated near the gate of Lucca, and excite greatly the curiosity of travellers. Their inscriptions merit particular attention. These baths were constructed at the time that Pisa was subject to the Roman empire, in the year of Rome 574. They are circular buildings with vaulted roofs, and are built against lofty rocks. They are now at the disposal of a charitable institution, and are let as dwellings to the gardeners and cultivators of the neighbouring lands. Vitruvius has left dissertations, which prove that the ancients understood much better than we do the art of making steam, and the different temperatures of heat, *frigidarium*, *tepidarium*, *caldarium*, and that *sudatio* contribute to the support and reparation of our physical powers. There were at Rome no less than eight hundred and fifty-six of these retreats of health, adorned with statues and inscriptions, and furnished with waters of all qualities, possessing, no doubt, all the properties ascribed to our fabulous fountain of youth.

The edifices of Pisa abound in Mosaic, Grecian marbles, pillars of granite, verd antique, porphyry, agate, and other precious stones, from the four parts of the world. The dome, to which Vitruvius gives the technical name of *Deiptero*, is interiorly supported by numerous pillars of the Corinthian order, of most varied and curious appearance. The wonderful illusion produced by the intercolumniations is rendered even more astonishing by the variety of the different objects discovered at every step, than by their stupendous magnitude, increased as it is by the imagination.

On the outside is remarked a hippogriff, placed on the capital of a lofty pillar of white marble, at the eastern extremity of the basilic, or dome. This fabulous animal has four feet, two wings, the head and talons of an eagle, and the gills of a cock. The neck is thick and high, the upper part being covered with tufts of frizzled hair, and the lower part with scales. The back is ornamented with arabesques, forming a sort of tapestry, like the covering put on the backs of horses; the top of the thighs is also plated with arabesques finer than the others. The breast is rounded, and the head rises above the wings, which extend their points from the two fore legs to the height of the back part of the head. This antiquity was found in the excavations made in order to lay the foundations of the temple, which ascends to an exceedingly remote period, as the church was constructed in the eleventh century, on the foundations of that of *Santa Reparata*, built in the fourth century, on the ruins of the palace of Adrian. This hippogriff, curious rather for its antiquity than its beauty, is a fathom and a third high, and two fathoms long.

During the prosperity and opulence of the republic of Pisa, the inhabitants, in commemoration of the zone of the Holy Virgin, used, on the days of her festivals, to adorn the exterior walls of the church with a band enriched with dazzling gems, which is said to have been worth eight thousand florins of gold. It was stripped of its ornaments to supply the expenses of the republic in its decline.

I shall not leave the subject of the dome without speaking of the interior illumination of this vast church, which takes place every year, on the evening of the 14th of August. Eight thousand tapers are fastened to all the walls, and all round the pillars, and suspended from all the arches and vaulted roofs: these are lighted in the course of five minutes, so that the most dazzling brightness succeeding almost instantaneously to total darkness, the spectators imagine themselves in the midst of a vast conflagration. The tapers are disposed with so much art that they cause all the shadows to disappear, and, consequently, completely confound the distances. During this time, the spectators, crowded in the nave and collateral aisles, are delighted by fine chaunts mingled with the music of the organ, and express the pleasure they receive only by a profound silence. The illumination continues for two or three hours. The inhabitants of Pisa are, in general, so tenacious of their antiquity that they do not agree upon the origin of their rites and customs. The ceremony, however, of the illumination of their basilic is so ancient that it is possible for it to have been transmitted to them by the ministers of the worship of Jupiter.

The magistrates of the town attend this ceremony in their robes of office. The French authorities, however, who were established there in 1809, were not deemed so far to belong to Pisa, as to be entitled to be summoned thither. The inhabitants of Pisa have, as well as the other people of Italy then united to France, always preserved the hope of maintaining their ancient customs, without confounding them with those of the French. They considered their neighbours as travellers but little disposed to return, soon or late, to the country whence they came, without being engaged to do so by the fear of new Sicilian vespers.

Besides the Roman temples I have already mentioned, there were, at Pisa, temples dedicated to Venus and Diana, and that erected by Adrian near his palace, on the ground now occupied by the baptistry. The inhabitants of Pisa maintain that their schools of painting, architecture, and sculpture are anterior to those of Florence and Scienna, whose inhabitants came to study the fine arts at Pisa. They call themselves the inventors of a style of painting denominated *sgrafitte*. This is a sort of fresco, known also by the name of *black and white*, which the painters execute with a paste of lime mixed with black earth, and painted over with white, a sort of bluish water-colour being made use of for the shadows and their projections. This style of painting, which results from the effect produced by light and shade, recals to my mind a remark in the ancient dictionary of the images of flat painting, composed

by Philostratus of Lemnos. "The inhabitants of Pisa have," says he, "for a long time adorned Italy with the works of their compatriots." In the island of Elba are seen pillars inscribed with these words; *Opera Pisana.*

Among the numerous holy brotherhoods instituted at Pisa, that of *la Misericordia* is particularly distinguished. Its founders were, in 1053, twelve chiefs of the most noble houses of Pisa, who united their efforts in order to afford succour to their compatriots, taken by the states of Barbary, to the needy descendants of good families, and to orphans and young ladies without fortunes. The members of the confraternity raise subscriptions for condemned criminals, and provide for their funeral expenses, as well as for those of the poor who die at their cottages, or in the hospitals. They also extend their care to the sufferers of unexpected and severe accidents, and assist in the extinction of accidental fires, being summoned to the scene of danger by a bell, of which the number of strokes informs them of the name of the street or gate whither they are to repair. This establishment merits the applause of all men and nations, as its benefits are extended as well to foreigners as to natives.

An inscription on the portal of the dome imports that the inhabitants of Pisa freed Sardinia from the yoke of the states of Barbary, in the year 1034. *Santo Rainieri*, a descendant of the noble house of *Scaccieri*, is the patron saint of Pisa. The inhabitants proclaimed him the protector of their country in the year 1161, the period of his death. On the day appointed for his festival, an immense concourse of people from the town and territory of Pisa repair to do homage at his tomb, which is placed under the altar of his splendid oratory, and discovered through a crystal, placed in front of the altar. It is composed of red Egyptian marble, with cornices of yellow antique marble of Sienna, and adorned with relievos of yellow and purple Spanish marble. The superb urn of green marble of Palsevera, surrounded by vases of flowers and gilt bronzes, is placed upon the tomb, and within it is laid a figure of the saint, as large as life, dressed in a monk's habit of golden tissue, and adorned with a crown of precious stones. The two princesses, *Victoria della Rovera*, the daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and *Anna*, his niece, the Electress Palatine, thus invested his sacred image, and composed the precious crown which encircles his head.

Great part of the dome of Pisa, and many of the curiosities and antiquities which it contains, were destroyed in the night of October the 25th, 1596, by a fire, occasioned by the negligence of a plumber. Ferdinand Medicis the third, Grand Duke of Etruria, caused it to be magnificently rebuilt, at his own expense, in 1602.

This prince also commenced, in 1601, the splendid aqueduct which furnishes the inhabitants of Pisa with water, and affords them the means of embellishing their villas and gardens. It was finished twelve years afterwards by Cosmo the Second, and cost a hundred and sixty thousand crowns. This aqueduct is supported by numerous arches, more than fifty feet high, and it is four miles in extent. The first arch is contiguous to an immense building or reservoir, built at the foot of the mountains of Pisa, and the last is close to the gate of Lucca. Some antiquarians are of opinion that its origin ascends to the time of Nero, and that Ferdinand and Cosmo only contributed to its reparation. The water which it conveys to Pisa is wholesome, and of an agreeable flavour, and is preferred at Leghorn, Florence, Lucca, and the neighbouring countries, to that of the local fountains and rivers. At the two former places it is sold at the rate of four cratzes, or nearly sixpence a bucket.

As I was returning to my inn, I met, on the quay of the Arno, my friend the Imperial Attorney of Bobbio, who had been at Pisa for the last three weeks. We stopped a few moments to consider that demicircular quay, of which the view recals to the mind that of the quays at Paris. "You will be pleased," said he, "if you prolong your stay at Pisa. The inhabitants are, like all the Tuscans, affable, lively, and well informed. Their countenances are darkened neither by the serious reserve of the Piedmontese, the gravity of the Romans, the commercial speculations of the Genoese, nor the gloom of the Neapolitans; you will find little difference between their society and that of the gay Parisian circles. They like, no less than the French, company, plays, walking, dancing, and parties of pleasure; but their favourite amusements are gaming and music.

The ladies are little seen, each being confined to her own circle of admirers, a custom common to all Italian women. To the Tuscans is attributed the origin of the conditions imposed on husbands, at the time of their marriage, to permit certain gentlemen to attend on their brides, not only in all the circumstances of exterior life, but even in the privacy of domestic society.

I have already had the honour of seeing Monsignore Alliata, the present Archbishop, a prelate of exemplary piety, and a model of Christian virtue. He was extremely reluctant to repair to the sort of council, summoned by Napoleon, at Paris, in 1609; but the sister of Napoleon, the Governess of Tuscany, succeeded in making him set out for that great capital. He is, in reality, merely a Bishop; but since the eleventh century, the Bishops of Pisa have assumed the title of Archbishop, and have enjoyed a revenue of nearly two hundred thousand francs.

I have made acquaintance with Pignotti, one of the fabulists of Italy, a native of Pisa, and a professor of the university. He has enjoyed the favour of the governess, who now takes the title of Grand Duchess. He is now old and infirm. He has lately composed a little poem, entitled *la Treccia donata*, in ten cantos, and having no less important a subject than that of the Italian fair and their attendant chevaliers. One canto is devoted to the description of the temple of fashion; the second treats of the origin of the *cicisbeo;* the third describes two rival Italian beauties; the fourth an entertainment and ball; in the fifth a chamber physician is brought upon the stage; the sixth presents the picture of a *casino*, or receiving drawing-room, and gives the history of a challenge; the seventh describes the temple of Folly, which ought, indeed, to be vast, in order to contain all those who live under the laws of that goddess; in the eighth canto, Pignotti describes a repast; in the ninth a duel, and, in the last, a reconciliation. Many passages of this erotic poem contain excellent poetry; but a translation of it into a foreign language, would have but little attraction, as it turns entirely upon Italian customs.

Liverpool. W.

THE BACHELOR'S STORY.

[ORIGINAL.]

(Concluded from our last.)

We were now comfortably settled in our house, my mother had all her novels, and my father had procured a whole heap of fishing tackle to amuse himself, so that with riding out and angling he managed to pass his time pretty agreeably. Our neighbours, too, began to flock around us, for though my father had been but a tallow-chandler, he carried about him that passport into every society—a well-lined pocket. Amongst others came Mr. F. and his daughter Emily. My father received them with all that cordiality of feeling, that open warmth of disposition, which is the characteristic mark of an honest man; for, to do him common justice, there was more good-will in his rough embrace than in the refined manners of more polished society.

I thought I perceived a blush rise on the cheek of Emily when I was introduced; but if this were not the case, I crimsoned up to the eyes, for the similarity of the form, and the recollection of the rose tree rushed into my mind. After a few awkward attempts at a conversation I sat myself down, and uttered not a word. Emily seemed likewise desirous of avoiding any thing that might lead to an explanation of her conduct, and busied herself in looking over some drawings which by some accident had been left in the house. At last I began to muster up my courage, and resolutely resolved to address her in some way or other; so edging up to the table where she stood, I seized hold of a design for a screen; but what was my surprise when I beheld an exact copy of the tree on the lawn! This was an opportunity not to be lost, and, without reflecting for a moment, I exclaimed, "Now, is not this strange? who could have been so kind as to trace so beautifully this tree upon paper, to cheat us, perhaps, in the dull months of winter with the semblance of —— "Hold, hold!" said Emily, laughing, "it is hardly fair to notice such an humble effort in so very flattering a manner. Need I remind you," she said, in a low tone, "that too gross a compliment is a downright insult."

"I little thought, Miss F. that you were the artist," replied I; "but *now*, you must allow me to say, that in my mind it almost equals the original." I watched her then like a tiger about to seize on his prey, for I found I had her in my power. The blush which mantled on her cheek grew deeper and deeper, and suffused her whole face, but without much hesitation she said, "No, no, I have not any false delicacy about me, but the original, in my estimation, is far preferable, and" —— "Pardon me, Miss F. but may I venture to inquire why you set such a value on the original." I don't know why, but I felt ashamed at the question, and would gladly have apologized for my rudeness, but it was too late to retract. "You cannot, Sir," said Emily, "be acquainted with the history of our family, or you would not thus wound my feelings by pressing so closely a question which cannot but be disagreeable to me. But as you seem so anxious to force out the truth, I may, to avoid all future repetition of this painful subject, inform you why I do prefer this tree to any other in the world, and why I visited it in the evening, (for I will not deny that I am the person who did visit it,) and why I place such a value upon a tree which, apparently, to a stranger, has nothing attractive about it. It was, Sir, the gift of a dearly beloved mother, and during her life-time was a peculiar favourite; no wonder, then, that I should esteem it, and wish to cherish a relic bequeathed as a memento of her who is gone. You, perhaps, may think it foolish, but I sometimes fancy her pure spirit visits her favourite tree, and I can almost imagine myself as holding converse with her; for if there be any foundation for the theory of the transmigration of souls, is it not quite as reasonable to suppose that the spirit will dwell in a rose as well as in the body of an animal? When misfortune, Sir, clouded our affairs, (here I observed a tear break through her long dark eye-lashes,) and my father was necessitated, by his sad reverse of fortune, to forsake the home of his ancestors, I, too, was obliged to leave it, and, lest any rude hand might destroy my tree, I frequently visited it, and watched it with the tenderness of a mother. Once I was surprised by you, and have since neglected it: but one favour I may beg of you;—do not let my mother's gift suffer from inattention, and for once humour, that you may oblige me."—"Cursed be that hand," cried I, (for my heart beat high) "that would raise itself to destroy such a relic. If, Miss F.," I continued, "I have been impertinent, believe me, my curiosity prevailed over my better feelings: would that I could, by any action of mine, contribute in any degree to your welfare! for one particle added to your happiness would be a draught of bliss to me." Emily's brow darkened at the language I had used; and if I were not mistaken, I thought she threw rather a haughty glance upon me: but before I had an opportunity of rectifying the mistake I had committed, her father rose to wish us good night, and, taking Emily with him, they returned home.

As soon as they were gone, I retired to bed, and lay ruminating upon the occurrences of the evening. Hour after hour I wasted in this way, and the result only proved to me, what I could have guessed before,—that I was in love. Now began the heart-achings and all the *et ceteras* that follow in the train of engaged affections. Weeks, months I wasted thus; now and then visiting Emily's father, where, of course, I had an opportunity of seeing *her;* but still, though I grew on terms of friendship, nay, intimacy, with Mr. F. I never could resolve to declare my attachment to Emily. At last, I set forth one morning to ——, the place of Mr. F.'s residence, determined to explain myself, repeating, most valiantly, as I went along "a faint heart ne'er won a fair lady." The morning was delightful; the birds carolled their hymns of praise to their Creator; the butterfly, in gaudy attire, fluttered on the warm air, sailing on in the pride of strength, quite heedless of the setting sun; the fish leapt in the ponds, shewing here and there their silvery backs above the rippling water; all nature laughed in the glance of that glorious orb which shines on the "just and on the unjust:" but I did not join in the general harmony of nature, for my heart was heavy, and the thought of losing Emily pressed upon me. "What is wealth," said I, "if I cannot compass my desires through its aid."

Here my reverie was interrupted by a shriek of distress, and turning round I perceived a pony galloping away with a lady at full speed. God's! how it nerved my arm, and added wings to my feet, when I beheld the vicious creature fast hastening to the brink of a quarry, and on its back, almost ready to faint through exhaustion, my loved Emily! I rushed upon the creature, choaking with desparation, and. grasping it round the neck with an effort which made every sinew in my body crack again, I succeeded in literally throwing the pony on his side; immediately catching hold of Emily, I drew her from under, not much hurt by the fall, the pony luckily being too small to cause any serious injury. I raised her on the bank, and running to the first pool, I brought my hat full of water, which I sprinkled on her face: signs of returning animation quickly appeared, and she soon recovered sufficiently to walk home, leaning on my arm. From that hour I became insensible to every thing but her, and so much was I engrossed by my love, that I acted more like a maniac than a reasonable man.

I will not trouble you with a detailed recitement of my courtship with Emily; these things are growing so common now, that every one may learn for himself; suffice it to say, that I was accepted, and should have been married directly had not an event happened which I shall mention. Mr. F. had been a West Indian merchant, and once possessed considerable property; but, owing to the villany of his partner he had been ruined. This partner was then lying dangerously ill in Jamaica, and Mr. F. was advised by his friends immediately to proceed to Jamaica, and endeavour to procure some tidings respecting the disposal of his property. More anxious on Emily's account than his own, Mr. F. consented, and as no inducement could prevent his daughter from accompanying him, he was obliged reluctantly to allow her to leave England with him. I, too, would have willingly joined them, but to this Mr. F. would not give permission: I prayed and intreated to call Emily mine before her departure, but in vain; from a motive of delicacy, her father would not allow his daughter to marry without giving her a portion; this he expected to be enabled to perform, if he should succeed in the affair of his partner. I thought my heart strings would have cracked when I beheld the vessel, which bore the being I loved above all on earth, fast receding from my view. I watched her as she gradually faded away, until I grew faint with the presentiments that crossed my brain: for I felt almost assured that to me she was lost for ever.

As soon as possible, I busied myself in my occupation, endeavouring to forget, for a time, that Emily was away; but every thing reminded me of her; and hour after hour would I wander on the beach, watching the red sun sink into his temporary grave, thinking that perhaps the orb that was disappearing from my sight was rising in splendour upon hers. How beautifully has Moore described the feelings of an absent lover or friend in these lines:

"How dear to me the hour when daylight dies
And sun-beams melt along the silent sea;
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And mem'ry breathes a vesper sigh to thee.

And as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave towr'd the burning west,
I long to head the path of golden rays
And think 'twill lead to thy bright Isle of rest."

There is, however, even in the most callous hearts, a sickening suspense attendant on the absence of those we love, which paralyzes our faculties; but I, formed by nature, as it were, of a peculiarly sensitive feeling, experienced more than I can describe. Days, weeks, months, passed away and no tidings of Emily: but at last, a cheering ray broke through the gloom. A gentleman recently arrived from Jamaica had seen and conversed with Mr. F., and he said, they were then about to leave the island for England. Oh what joy for me! I could have hugged the narrator in my arms; but when he mentioned the vessel's name I was almost frantic, for I had been told that she was expected daily.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Adieu, adieu to grief: sorrow, for once I bid thee farewell: the white sails are swelling in the wind; the vessel comes onward in gay and gallant trim: adieu to care, for the hollow oak that bears thy loved form will quickly bring thee before my aching eyes." I was apostrophising thus to myself, as the vessel in which Emily and her father were coming home, came sweeping majestically down the river. What were my feelings then? but I grow sick,—the painful conclusion must be hastened. Eagerly I jumped on board, and grasping the hand of Mr. F., who stood before me, inquired for Emily. Oh! great God, how my brain whirled round, how my blood chilled, when I heard that Emily, my idol, my very heart's blood had expired on the passage. I do not know how I arrived home, all the recollection that I have, is, that on my reason returning, I found Mr. F. standing over me, with the tenderness of a father.

* * * *

In a few weeks I became reconciled to my fate, submitted to the counsel of my best friends, and endeavoured to bear my affliction with fortitude and resignation: a lock of hair, a ring, and a letter were then given me: as fast as my tears would allow me, I perused her last words—they were these.

"My dear William,—Hear me for the last time: before my spirit forsakes its tenement I wish to address you. I loved you, and had it pleased the Almighty disposer of every event, would have been your wife; but it must be otherwise. The lamp which lights my feeble existence waxes faint and low: this world, its cares, and troubles are fading away. You will receive with this a token of my regard; should it call up one sigh for the past, it is sufficient.—Farewel.

"EMILY."

The letter was feebly and indistinctly traced, but it left an impression on my heart deep as the grave in which she was laid. Time has, in a manner, blunted my feelings, but, though "my life has fallen into the sear and yellow leaf," I can never forget my first, my last, my only object of sincere affection. I am now grown old, my parents are gone, and I am left alone in the wide world; but you, my friends, will sympathize with me and share my griefs. I only pray now that I may soon be permitted to share the happiness of my departed Emily. Here he concluded.

Literature, Criticism, &c.

REDGAUNTLET:

A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

(From the Glasgow Free Press.)

The man who adds another string to the lyre of human enjoyment, deserves well of his country—how much then must that man deserve who every half-year produces, from his fruitful imagination, a new store of delight, fresh as the dew drops of the early morn, and beautiful as the Iris that arches the azure sky? The Author of Waverley has contributed a vast stock to the fund of imaginative felicity. The creations of his fancy are pregnant with enjoyment. The characters of the brave and devoted 'Vich ian Vhor,' the eccentric and kind-hearted Baron Bradwardine, with his bears and boot-jacks—the poor idiot Davie Gallatly, with his leal cunning, the two dogs Dan and Busker, with the glorious and soul-inspiring loyalty and self-devotion of Flora M'Ivor, are dear to our recollection in *Waverley*—then Dominie Sampson, with his learning and his simplicity—poor Meg Merrilies, with her supernatural energies, and her simply natural feelings (we could almost weep our eyes out at the exquisite pathos with which she laments the loss of her humble cottage) Dirk Hatteraick, with his stern, and Gilbert Glossin, with his aly villanies, Paul Pleydell, that prince of advocates, and Dandie Dinmont, that prince of honest hearts and iron frames—the living images of *Guy Mannering*—and our good friend Monkbarns, with his veneration for the press, sanctifying, in our eyes, all his whims for pretoriums, old coins and long laddies—the fisherman at the funeral, old Edie Ochiltree full of good-natured craftiness, the high-spirited young Highlander and the seal, together with the aristocratic Baronet and his cunning charlatan Dunsterswivel in the *Antiquary*. Then, in our opinion, the chief production of all, *Old Mortality*, abounding with incident and delineation—the period of the covenant, when Scotland would not tamely endure a corrupt Kirk and an arbitrary King—Balfour of Burley, with his fearleessness and desperate fanaticism, the maniac Mucklewrath, the sonorous Kettledrumle, the gallant but bloody Claverhouse, the crafty clown Cuddie and his crafty helpmate—the old Lady Bellinden, with the eternal *dejeuner*—the unfortunate Calf Gibbie, Cuddie's mother, with her love for the cause, sadly battling in her mind with the fears for her son, and the finest character of all, the young preacher Macbriar, dying in a consumption, yet still animated with divine energy in the cause of his God—but we must not proceed, otherwise we shall fill the paper with a mere catalogue of portraits, painted with all the freshness of Teniers, all the richness of Rubens, all the colouring of Titian, and all the splendour, power and boldness of Raphael. We envy not the *Great Unknown* all the vast sums he is said to have realized—half the mines of Mexico would not give more happiness to his species than he has furnished for them. But mighty and teeming as the human imagination of our author is, still there is a point beyond which it cannot go. It must in time become exhausted—original characters cannot be always invented. "All that's bright must fade," and the brightness of the Great Unknown has more or less diminished (with many a coruscation intervening) ever since the *Monastery* and the *Abbott*.

The *Redgauntlet* is a terribly prosing tale. The *Bride of Lammermuir* and the *Legend of Montrose*, contain more incident, in one volume and a half, than it does in three. There is, moreover, no description—the salmon-striking scene is nothing compared to a similar one in Guy Mannering. Allan Fairford and his father are a thousand degrees beneath Paul Pleydell. Old Trumbell is an unnatural and improbable hypocrite, not half so well drawn as Gilbert Glossin. Redgauntlet, as a political enthusiast, comes far short of either Calverhouse on the the one side, or Balfour on the other. Foxley, the justice, is a cipher compared with Justice Ingleby in Rob Roy, as his clerk is to Jobson in the same novel; and Wandering Willie must hide his diminished head before Edie Ochiltree. The letters in the first volume are tedious and wire-drawn. The narrative in the other two is disconnected and made up in the way of common novel writers—leaving off just when the interest is excited, to begin another long story. These are the main faults of the work, and, in our opinion, they are sufficient to damn it.

But still there are redeeming beauties—flights which could only proceed from the bow of our great Northern Ulysses. The character and the tale of Nanty Ewart, the smuggler, are admirable and original:—a smuggler now, and a pirate formerly:—not the villanies of his present profession, nor the horrid barbarities of his late one—not continued intoxication, nor habitual blasphemy, can efface from his conscience one ever-gnawing feeling, arising from the seduction of a young female, who, her chastity gone, lost her remaining virtues, became a thief, and was sent to the plantations—her poor mother turned out of doors, and dying in a workhouse. Though there were no aggravating circumstances in the seduction—yet still her former innocence, and her present fate, her mother's happiness and her mother's end, were ever before the eyes of the drunken and blaspheming smuggler and pirate—he was dying of the worm within, and the cankerings of his heart are well delineated.

The Housewife.

"Housekeeping and husbandry, if it be good,
Must love one another as cousins in blood:
The wife, too, must husband as well as the man,
Or farewel thy husbandry, do what thou can."

To choose Butter, Cheese, and Eggs.—When you buy *butter*, trust not to that part which will be given you, but try it in the middle, and if your smell and taste be good, you cannot be deceived.

Cheese is to be chosen by its moist and smooth coat; if old cheese be rough coated, rugged, or dry at top, beware of little worms or mites; if it be over full of holes, moist, or spongy, it is subject to maggots; if soft or perished places appear upon the outside, try how deep it goes; the greater part may be hid.

Eggs.—Hold the great end to your tongue; if it feel warm, it is new; if cold, bad; and so in proportion to the heat or cold is the goodness of the egg. Another way to know, is to put the egg into a pan of cold water; the fresher the egg, the sooner it will fall to the bottom; if rotten, it will swim at the top. This is a sure way not to be deceived. As to keeping eggs, we have already given receipts.—In addition, if you place them all with the small end downwards in fine wood-ashes, and turn them once a week end-ways, you will find that they will keep good some months.—*Economist.*

Cheese-vending Impostors.—Some men are travelling about Sussex with cheese for sale, for which they obtain a good price by the following stratagem:—Into each cheese a small piece, of exquisite flavour, is curiously dovetailed, and from which they invariably draw their tasters, while the article itself, upon being afterwards cut, is found to be scarcely worth 2d. per pound.

Pepper.—An artificial pepper is being hawked about for sale, against which the public should be on their guard. It is brought from France, and consists of a composition of peraicious ingredients, viz.—brasica napery, over which a paste made of flour mixed with a little powder of Cayenne pepper, or mustard seed, has been carefully laid and dried. This is one of the mischievous consequences of the practice of smuggling: and another and a most dreadful one is, in the gin smuggled from Holland, which is always strongly impregnated with sugar of lead.—*Lewes paper.*

Poetry.

KINDRED FEELING.

Oh, sweet on evening's spicy zephyr borne,
Sweet are the echoes of the mellow horn;
And sweet the murmurs of the summer sea,
Slumbering in ocean cave so tranquilly;
Yes, sweet,—yet, kindred feeling, who not owns
How sweeter far thy rapture-breathing tones?

Sweet is the hour of morn—the tranquil eve,
In which the heart forgets almost to grieve;
Sweet is the perfume of the musky rose,
And sweet it is with Fancy to repose;
Oh, sweet! but sweeter far, when ours to hold
Communion blest with hearts of kindred mould.

Sweet is the silver moon's reflected beam,
Upon the waters of a babbling stream;
And sweet, as meets the ear the voice of Time,
Sweet is the village bells' responsive chime;
Oh, sweet! but sweeter far the syren tone
Of kindred feeling, mingling with our own!

Oh! if amid this dreary wilderness,
Be aught resembling angel blessedness;
If to mortality be ever given,
On earth, a foretaste of the joys of heaven;
It is, when sympathy, with genial hand,
Binds heart with heart in kindred feeling bland!

And sweet with dark adversity to cope,
Though reft of joy, bereft almost of hope;
And sweet obscurity's unenvied lot,
The lowly peasant's "ivy-mantled" cot;
Oh, blest, thrice blest, beyond rude fate's control,
If ours the intercourse of soul with soul!

Liverpool. G.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER:

A POETICAL EPISTLE FROM A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY TO HIS BROTHER IN LONDON.—FOUNDED ON FACT.

Safe seated at uncle's, to promises true,
I send the good news, my dear brother, to you.
So cheerful the house of our worthy relation,
I never enjoyed such a pleasant vacation:
Good sporting, good neighbours, good living, good wine,
And the good of all goods, female beauty divine;
For all our fair cousins (don't envy me, pray)
Are handsome, accomplish'd, enchanting, and gay;
Though in all the attractions with which they are blest,
The elegant Emily soars o'er the rest.
But 'tis time I descend from heroics, to tell
The wond'rous adventure which lately befel:
Arrived at our uncle's old mansion, I found
A numerous party assembled around;
The chambers all occupied (so said our host)
Save one that was plagued with, what think you?—a ghost!
I thought they were quizzing, but all my fair cousins
Most gravely asserted that spirits, by dozens,
Were seen from this terrible chamber to come,
And nobody ventur'd to sleep in that room.
I laugh'd at the bugbear, and frankly declared,
I'd sleep in the room, tho' the devil appeared.
My courage was highly extolled, as you'll think,
And applauded by beauty, pray, how could I shrink?
I vow'd that I'd cheer with *good spirits* my heart,
And that should keep all *evil spirits* apart.
The gloomy old chamber was air'd for my birth,
And the evening pass'd gaily with music and mirth.
'Twas midnight! we parted; and I, nothing daunted,
Repair'd to the room so mysteriously haunted.
Here a fine blazing fire, with each comfort akin,
Warm'd my courage without, as good wine did within.
So I stept into bed, and, I speak without boast,
Felt no apprehension of little Miss Ghost;
For I must inform you, as gossips had talk'd,
'Twas a lady, whose sprite so appallingly walk'd.
Well; nothing appeared, and my eyes 'gan to close;
It struck three just as I was beginning to doze,
When I fancied I heard the door gently unclose.
I started bolt up and conceive my affright,
I saw gliding in a tall female in white.
I own I felt queerish, and shivered, but hear—
I shivered with cold. Zounds! it could not be fear.
The figure was clothed with a robe all be-ruffled;
Her features were hidden, her face was so muffled;
She stalk'd to my bed, and the curtains undrew,
Then laid herself down; as I live, it is true.
But though a kind girl is my greatest delight,
I had no inclination to lie with a sprite;
So I moved further off, till I lay on the post,
And left my warm bed to this comical ghost;
While I crept, in a tremor, the bed-clothes beneath,
I fancied I heard my strange bed-fellow breathe.
I listened; the breathing I heard as before,
And louder it grew, till 'twas almost a snore.
Think I, for a phantom, 'tis funny enough,
It sure must be made of corporeal stuff;
So I softly extended my hand to the form,
And, touching it, found it substantial and warm;
And, by her respiring so loudly and deep,
I judged 'twas some lady who walked in her sleep;
I car'd not how long such a spirit should linger,
When, alas! I discover'd a ring on her finger!
I rais'd her soft hand, and removed it with care;
Says I to myself, "This will tell who you are."
That instant my bed-fellow threw off the clothes,
And though fast asleep, started up on her toes;
Then backwards and forwards she glided about,
And as she came in—she at last glided out.
I laugh'd at the spectre that made all the riot,
And after a yawn or two rested in quiet.
This curious event so disturbed my repose,
'Twas late in the morning before I arose.
When I entered the breakfast-room, smiling and hearty,
Assembled I found the whole family party:
Their inquiries at once were directed to me,
With "How did you rest, Sir?" and "What did you see?"
Said I—"*ere I speak* of this wonderful thing
I must learn who it is owns this emerald ring."
None claimed the bright bauble, till *Emily* said,
"*Good Heavens!* 'tis my ring; where was it mislaid."
"*Mislaid*," said I, laughing, "where Miss laid herself,
For you are the ghost, my fair cousin, yourself:
And strange as it seems, now, good people," I said,
"Last night *Cousin Emily* slept in my bed."
"You are joking," cried one; "*'tis too hard*," said another,
While Emily tried her confusion to smother;
"Tis true," I exclaimed, "and the truth must prevail,"
Then frankly related my whimsical tale:
I laugh'd, and declar'd I the secret must keep,
When a lady commits a *faux-pas* in her sleep;
While I thought all their mirth a confounded intrusion,
For I saw lovely Emily sink in confusion.
At length, "my good uncle" observed, with a smile,
Faux-pas in a sleep—are *faux-pas* without guile;
And since she has taken the place of a wife,
Suppose, my dear nephew, you take her for life;
With her ten thousand pounds you may prudently wed,
And *you* must take care, *boy*, to keep her in bed.
I lik'd the proposal, to Emily turn'd,
Whose cheek with the pure blush of modesty burn'd;
And ask'd, as a sign of consent, for a kiss;
Her lips falter'd No, but her eyes implied Yes.
'Twas settled; fair Emily's mine, with her pelf,
And henceforth I'll keep the fair Ghost to myself:
The somnambulist shall not so favour another;
So vows, my dear Tom,

YOUR AFFECTIONATE BROTHER.

Advertisements.

THEATRE DU PETIT LAZARI DE MESSRS. MAFFEY YORK-HOTEL.

MESSRS. MAFFEY, in compliance with the wishes of several *Families of Distinction*, and in consequence of the numerous applications for the View of the BOMBARDING OF ALGIERS, will acquiesce with the desire of their numerous Friends and Patrons to prolong their stay for a *few Evenings*.

THIS EVENING (Monday) the 12th instant, and every Evening during the week (Saturday excepted) there will be submitted an entire new burlesque Parody, entitled

MASTER PUNCH VAMPIRE,

Imitated from the celebrated Piece given at Laporte St. Martin, in Paris, during a great number of nights, successively, and which excited, from its extreme originality, the greatest admiration. In the course of this Piece will be presented, for the first time, the magnificent, maritime, and picturesque View of the

BOMBARDING OF ALGIERS,

In which all the Characters will be dressed according to the Costume of their Country. Amongst other Entertainments will also be presented a new divertisement Ballet, entitled

FIGARO, OR THE SPANISH FETE.

The Synopsis of the Performances will be given in the handbills.

Admittance, Front Seats, 3s.—Second Seats, 2s.—Back Seats, 1s.—Children, half-price.

Doors to be open at half-past Seven and the Spectacle to commence at half-past Eight precisely.

FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

LEOPOLD HOFFMAN, No. 13, Clarence-street, teaches the French and German Languages, and translates from the Dutch, Italian, and Spanish.

Mr. HOFFMAN takes the liberty of informing those, to whom he has not the honour of being known, that they may have satisfactory references, of the highest respectability, by applying to Mr. EGERTON SMITH.

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli*".....VIDA.

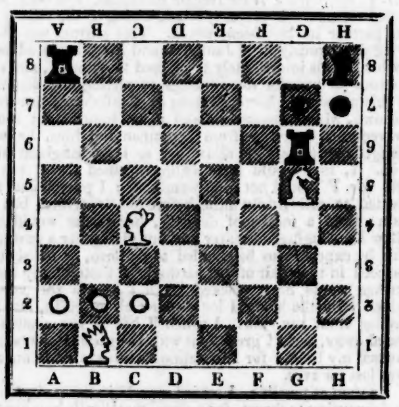
[NO. II.]

PHILIDOR'S LEGACY.

The following beautiful termination of a game is generally called Philidor's legacy.

White moves, and gives check-mate in four moves.

Black.



WHITE.

SOLUTION.

WHITE.	BLACK.
Knight ....F—7+	King ....G—8
Knight .. H—6+	King ....H—8
Queen ....G—8+	Castle ...G—8
Knight....F—7+	MATE.

The Drama.

THE THEATRE.

"There are a multitude of people, who are truly and only spectators of the play, without any use of their understandings, and these carry it sometimes by the strength of their numbers. There are others who use their understandings too much; who think it a sign of weakness and stupidity to let any thing pass by them unattacked, and that the honour of their judgments (as some brutals imagine of their courage) consists in quarrelling with every thing."—*Cowley.*

Addison's *Cato* was repeated on Monday last. This tragedy is much less esteemed on the stage than valued in the closet; for, though it may be justly pronounced a most finished standard for purity and elegance of diction, yet is it devoid of that general and diversified interest essential to the success of scenic representation. Of this, indeed, the celebrated author was perfectly aware; Pope, as we are told, having advised Addison "to print it, without any theatrical exhibition, supposing that it would be more favourably read than heard:" counsel which Addison admitted the just force of, and would have complied with, probably, but, as Johnson avers, "for the importunity of his friends." "The emulation," adds the Doctor, "of parties made it successful beyond expectation, and its success has introduced or confirmed amongst us the use of dialogue too declamatory, of unaffecting elegance, and chill philosophy."

To tolerate Cato in the theatre, an intellectual audience and a very great actor are alike necessary; and even then, it is much but the intense thrill of admiration excited by his cool uncompromising stoicism and patriotic virtue, will be somewhat marred by the sentimental love-foolery with which the play is so prejudicially embellished. The tender doye-notes of Porcius, Marcus, Juba, Marcia, and Lucia are lost in our vexation for their untimely obtrusiveness, and evaporate in resentment, for that they break in upon our communion with Cato's self. The other *dramatis personæ*, too, pall upon the sense, and with their long speeches, are regarded as so many tantalizing obstacles that bar our way to the great object of undivided attention; and though requisite to preserve the illusion of the scene, and carry on the business of the drama, we are nigh being tempted to dispense with their services, could we but have Cato perpetually before us without their aid. There are the inconsistences, also, consequent on Addison's rigorous adherence to the doctrine of unity in his construction of this play, that militate much against the popular representation of it: the time occupied is only one day, and the scene never varies from within and about Cato's residence at Utica. In his own hall are conspiracies formed and practised, without himself or any of his knowing or suspecting any thing of the kind; although Syphax exclaims to his compeer Sempronius,

——"Gods! thou must be cautious,
Cato has piercing eyes."

On which Dennis remarks, "there is a great deal of caution shown indeed, in meeting in a governor's own hall, to carry on their plot against him. Whatever opinion they have of his eyes, I suppose they had none of his ears, or they would never have talked at this foolish rate so near." Besides this there are other instances, all admirably illustrated by the famous Dennis of critical celebrity. Pope says, "all the mighty mad in Dennis rage;" but his able commentary on the design, plot, and conduct of Cato, prove that "his madness had method in't," and remain to this day unanswered; they are, in fact, unanswerable.

We witnessed with delight, and, we must confess, with surprise also, Mr. Vandenhoff's first performance of Cato, and felt confident that an intellectual treat of a very high order awaited us on the occasion of its repetition. Whether this gentleman approached the character with less diffidence than formerly; whether it was that he permitted himself to be too much elated by his popularity in the part, which, from what we have seen of the vigour and independence of his mind, we think impossible; or from whatever cause, certain it is that we were in some measure disappointed. Throughout the whole of the second and third acts, Mr. Vandenhoff seemed more divested of the weight and awfulness of the character than previously, and played them in a style not only less dignified and commanding, but entirely different; almost the reverse, in fine, of what the very high and unqualified eulogiums bestowed on his preceding efforts warranted the public in expecting. In lieu of that full harmonious swell of chaste declamation, and the calm ennobling look and mien which so peculiarly marked his earlier progress through these same two acts, Mr. Vandenhoff substituted (very injudiciously, we think) in his latter appearance in them, more of noise than of feeling, accompanied by an energy of studied gesture, scarcely consonant with the frigidity of Cato's unruffled philosophy. Still, however, he stalked before us, a being something greater than "frail mortality," towering high above other sons of earth, highly favoured of the gods, and next to them in our veneration; one who engrossed all our cares, in whom were concentrated our every thought; whose lowering fate, and with it that of declining Rome, rendered us insensible to all things else save Cæsar's approach and the coming catastrophe.

The fourth act introduced Mr. Vandenhoff quite another person: a *man* "surpris'd at nothing, and sick of this bad world;" and yet, on the instant, *Cato* again, in all his greatness, with the anxious interrogatory to his well nigh breathless son—

"Has Cæsar shed *more* Roman blood?"

Not so, magnanimous man: ever solicitous for thy fallen country's welfare, thou art reckless of what concerns thyself, other than as that country may be benefited or injured. Something worse than Cæsar now assails thee, Cato: the deadly work of treason hath commenced, and thy renowned sun of glory rapidly approximates his everlasting setting. With unshrinking fortitude, however, Mr. Vandenhoff listens to Porcius's narration of the mutinous flight of false old Syphax with his base Numidians; the shock moves him not, but as becomes a Roman patriot. The exclamation, "Perfidious men!" bespeaks him internally grieved, indeed, for human nature, but he is quickly himself again; the patriot and the father burst forth in the imperative injunction to Porcius:

"But haste, my son, and see
Thy brother Marcus acts a *Roman's* part."

The noble disdain, too, with which he spurns the advice of Lucius to "submit to Cæsar," and preserve a life he had now began to lament the existence of, contrasted forcibly with the deep feeling of his pathetic address to Juba:

"Alas! good youth,
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,
The product of all climes;—*Rome has its Cæsars.*"

But even that was trifling compared with his impetuous warmth of parental misgiving, when, on the return of Porcius, he demands to be informed of Marcus—

"Ha! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? Has he given way?
Did he look tamely on and let them pass?"

During the recital of his son's most noble daring, and not less glorious death, Mr. Vandenhoff's fearful anxiety gradually subsided into an obvious struggle between philosophy and nature, each dictating to him a painful lesson,—this, that he had lost a brave son; that, that he had fallen as became the son of Cato: and, therefore, says he, in a kind of suppressed whisper, his utterance broken with emotion as though his heart were at his tongue's end,

"I'm satisfied."

On learning further, that Marcus "had pierced the false heart of Syphax," all of the Roman in him returned again in its pristine vigour, and with a majestic air of grateful composure he ejaculates,

"Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty."

Then in a tremulous tone of subdued feeling he pathetically adds,

"Porcius, when I am dead, be sure you place
His urn near *mine*."

The funeral procession of Marcus now approaches, and with it all our sympathies, though Cato scarcely seems to need them. He alone stands the unmoved spectator of this sad sight; and, though all else weep, save him, heroically advances to the bier in ecstasy.

"Welcome, my son!—Here set him down, my friends,
Full in my sight; that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be THAT *youth?* What pity is it
That we can die *but* ONCE, to serve our *country*."

Having gently chid his friends for their despondency, Cato next thus addresses his surviving son—

"Porcius, behold thy brother; and remember,
Thy life is not thy own, when *Rome* demands it."

Mr. Vandenhoff's delivery of this passage was characterized alike by true fatherly affection and the sacred love of his country; but never shall we forget the genuine pathos with which, after asking of himself "when *Rome* demands?" he rejoined,

"*Rome is now no more.*"

Had we room, we have inclination enough to enlarge on Mr. Vandenhoff's "farewell to his friends," which, with the imposing placidity of death, closes the fourth act. We are desirous, likewise, of enumerating at some length instances of his beautiful and emphatically correct delivery of the famous soliloquy commencing, "It must be so;" but we have barely space to mention the grand climax of his acting in this part—*the death of Cato;* and, having mentioned it, we can scarcely do more, for it baffles all description. Awfully true to nature, he advances tremulously from his couch, assisted by two freed men, his intestines commingled with clotted gore, suspended from the fatal wound he had so recently inflicted on himself. The last sad offices assigned him being performed, the ghastly smile of approaching dissolution sits quivering on his lip; his half-closed eyes roll wildly, but imploringly upwards; his countenance assumes the cadaverous hue of a dying man; his cold limbs shake, distorted; and, ere he can articulate a last faint prayer to the gods, he returns placidly again to his "mother earth."

12th July. THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

Scientific Records.

An Address to the Public, on the Advantages of a
STEAM NAVIGATION TO INDIA.
By Captain J. E. Johnson, of the Honourable East India Company's Service.

The Prospectus which I have already published, briefly enumerates the ADVANTAGES which must result from a speedy communication with India, by means of STEAM; while, at the same time, it shows, in the clearest manner, the practicability of the proposed undertaking. However, as I have learned that some persons of leading influence in this country, who are connected with our Eastern possessions, seem to question its ultimate success, and hesitate, on that account, to come forward as subscribers, I have deemed it expedient to exhibit its merits in a more detailed form, by laying before the British public the opinions which some of the most experienced and intelligent individuals, in India, entertain on the subject.

These opinions I have collected from the public press of that country, and they all tend to prove, not only the practicability of the plan, but the comparative facility of carrying it into execution. It is, at the same time, very natural, that difficulties of a serious nature should suggest themselves to minds which cannot comprehend how steam could be practically applied to so vast a design; but, upon the same principle that steam-packets now cross the Atlantic, so also can they pass, in perfect safety, through the Indian Ocean, the distance creating no sort of impediment to the voyage, provided all the arrangements, with respect to fuel, machinery, &c. are made with due precaution.

In one of the more recent numbers of the *Calcutta Journal*, I find some judicious observations in recommendation of the plan, which are the more deserving attention, as they enter into a minute exposition of geographical details.

"We have, already," says the writer, "expressed our conviction, that the plan proposed is practicable; but the more we think and read on the subject, the more fully we are inclined to believe that it must be the work of time. Vessels expressly adapted for this purpose must be built in England, and a depôt for coals established at Suez, where a very large quantity may be soon accumulated, and the vessels to go from hence might be so constructed (as the ocean steam-boats are at home) as to use their sails in fair winds, or even on a wind, aided by a small proportion only of their full speed power, or in fresh fair winds, without the aid of steam at all. By this means, a vessel stowing eighteen or twenty days' coals, might perform the voyage to Suez, though it would be advisable, if possible, to have a vessel that would stow coals for the whole voyage, which would render the period of performing it nearly certain; and she would take in a fresh supply at Suez and return immediately, or as soon as the English passengers or mails should reach her from Cairo. All these arrangements might be effected in a short time, if a meeting were held, and funds raised, for the purpose of carrying them into effect. There is hardly a doubt that every individual, who feels an interest in establishing a rapid communication with the mother country, would subscribe according to his means, to promote the accomplishment of any plan to effect it. If such a meeting were held, every obstacle would, of course, be considered, and have due weight attached to it; but, if the result should be the conviction to which we have arrived, funds would not, we think, be wanting.

"Since writing the foregoing, we have conversed with a gentleman to whom this journal is indebted for a very valuable paper on the steam-engine, as to the practicability of making the attempt to navigate to Suez with the steam-boat here; and he suggests the following means of obviating the objections as to the want of capacity in her to stow coals for the supply of the engine. Instead of a depôt for coals at Suez only, he proposes that there be one at Point-de-Galle; another at Bombay; another at the island of Secotra; another at Mocha; and the last, for the return voyage, at Suez. The stages here proposed, are about 1200 miles each, which the vessel would run in five days, as it is calculated that in the N.E. monsoon she would, with ease, average ten miles per hour. If this plan were adopted, the attempt might certainly be made with the vessel we have; but in that case, coals should be immediately sent away to the places mentioned: a supply for five days' going, and five days' returning, or ten days, would be thirty tons, but a double supply, or sixty tons, might be despatched to each station, as the vessel might make two trips in the N.E. monsoon, provided she left Calcutta on the 1st of October, which would be necessary, in order to secure her second trip before the commencement of the plague in Egypt. It may, perhaps, be supposed, that the touching at the various places named, would occasion a very material delay; but the coals and water might be taken in 24 hours, and the vessel would still make the voyage to Suez in 28 days, if she could make ten knots per hour, which she would certainly average, when it is considered, that in the N.E. monsoon she would have the assistance of her sails propelling her altogether at the rate of more than 12 knots per hour. Instead of Bombay, however, we would suggest Cochin as nearer, and affording equal facility of communication in the N.E. monsoon. The expense of sending coals to these depôts would, of course, be heavy; but, if the importance of the object to be gained is considered, this circumstance should not be suffered to discourage us from making the attempt to accomplish it. Let a meeting be called to consider the subject, and a committee once express its conviction of the practicability of the plan, and we are certain that a subscription list, to raise funds to carry it into effect, will not be opened in vain."

In another number of the same journal, the *advantages* of the projected design are urged in terms equally forcible and eloquent. Nor is there any reason to apprehend that the favourable anticipations of the writer will be disappointed. He thus expresses himself on the subject:

"While many of our readers are perhaps cherishing the idea of being able, at no very distant period, to proceed with great despatch to England, assisted by the powerful agent which is now so generally employed in European and American navigation, it may not be improper for us to offer some farther desultory observations on the subject. Without particularly weighing the obstacles that are to be overcome, before the projected route can be fully and favourably opened, we shall suppose that the scheme has been entirely accomplished, and advert to the secondary advantages which may be expected to result from it. A very speedy and safe passage to England is certainly the most important object, which would be acquired, and might continue to be the principal one, which would be taken advantage of. The facilities, however, which would be afforded for visiting interesting regions, which the generality of persons in this quarter cannot at present visit, would no doubt occasion numbers to start in the steam vessels from Calcutta, who had not the intention of proceeding all the way to England. This will appear evident from attending to the changes which would be produced by the opening of such a channel of communication, and the character of the countries through which it would pass.

"The Red Sea would soon become completely known, from its being constantly traversed. Its shores would attract the attention of many, who could so easily visit them. The holy city of the Mahometans would no doubt become a regular place of call for the vessels, to land or take up the multitudes of devout Indian pilgrims, who would visit the tomb of their Prophet. Hadjees would become much more numerous in India, as the pilgrimage in the steam vessels would be far more safe and expeditious than it has been hitherto. The Abyssinian coast, which has been as yet so seldom visited, would present many attractions to those who are fond of travelling in unfrequented countries, and have time and money enough to enable them to follow their inclinations. Its resources would soon be completely explored by mercantile speculations, and, if these resources were found to be improvable, the establishment of trading stations, where none have been hitherto dreamt of, would take place as a matter of course. We do not indeed suppose that the steam vessels would call at any places on that coast, unless by accident or for particular reasons, but from their constantly passing it, they would carry adventurers sufficiently near to render ingress into, or egress from, that quarter of Africa, a matter of easy accomplishment. A new field would also be opened for missionary exertions, which would be no doubt speedily improved, as greater success might be then expected to attend such labours, than is met with in this country.

"Passing, however, to the extremity of the Red Sea, we may remark, that the very measures which it would be necessary to adopt for securing a perfectly open, safe, and expeditious passage across the Isthmus of Suez, would no doubt have a great moral and political effect on the present state of Egypt, and the adjacent country to the eastward. For securing such a passage, the friendship and cordial co-operation of the Pasha of Egypt would be requisite, and might be obtained at the present time without difficulty. It would be for the interest of that potentate, for such we must style him, to establish facilities of communication sufficient to remove all chance of danger. The security afforded to the direct route of passage would be more or less participated by the population in its neighbourhood. Establishments would soon arise, either under native or European management, for the purpose of providing comforts as well as necessaries, to those who are constantly passing along. The attractions of a settled and industrious life would operate beneficially on the adjacent tribes of desert wanderers, and employment would be found for numbers, in carrying on a profitable interchange of commodities between the nearest regions of the east, and the southern shores of the Mediterranean. Regular commerce would thus obtain an advantageous footing in those hitherto unsettled regions, and be enabled to diffuse its benign influence around, eventually improving the general condition of the country. Some time might elapse before such change were produced; but when the impulse was once fairly given, the progress of improvement would advance rapidly, and, from the character of the present ruler of Egypt, it may perhaps be expected, that the prospect of benefit from immediate and constant communication, both with the East and West, would be gladly welcomed.

"By the opening of direct and ready access to the shores of the Mediterranean, a new route would be given to many inhabitants of India, who are obliged to go to sea for the benefit of their health. The classic regions of Greece, rendered so particularly interesting at the present crisis, from the noble struggle there maintained against the most galling despotism, by those who emulate their patriotic ancestors, would present irresistible allurements, when they could be visited and partly explored, perhaps with equal benefit to the health, and without greater loss of time than is now experienced in a trip to the Cape, the Isle of France, or New South Wales. The spirits would be enlivened by the interesting variety of scenery and manners that would successfully attract observation, and intellectual gratification would be superadded to constitutional improvement. We take it for granted, of course, that the present efforts of the Greeks, which have been so unexpectedly prosperous, will lead to their entire emancipation at no remote period, so as to leave no chance of danger or apprehension in visiting their shores.

"It is obvious that there are many other places in the Mediterranean to which invalids and others would be glad to resort, when no greater length of time would be consumed in the trip than is now found necessary to visit places in India, beyond the limits of the Bay of Bengal. Some might prefer to make Sicily the scene of their perigrinations; others might choose Italy; others might be satisfied wirh residing a month or two in Malta; and others, again, might desire to enjoy the salubrious climate of the south of France. We suppose this to be the case, of course, after the advantages of steam navigation have become available throughout the Mediterranean. The trip to Montpelier would no doubt be preferred by those, whose health was injured, and who had several months to spare in order to attempt its renovation by change of scene and climate. It would also be chosen by many who might be anxious, in the decline of life, to revisit the scenes of their infancy, yet afraid to undertake the direct passage to England lest the fatigues of the passage, and the great change of climate, should prove too much for them to support. People of this description are common enough in India, and the consequence is, that numbers determine on never quitting the country, although they would gladly go home, if they had confidence in the remaining capability of their bodily powers to withstand the rigours of the northern winter. Such people could proceed with more sanguine expectations as far as Montpelier, and remain there, until they found themselves sufficiently invigorated to remove to their native climate, or until the failure of their hopes, with regard to corporal renovation, should render it more prudent for them to return to India."

(To be continued.)

SAFETY LAMP.

An important improvement has been made in this valuable lamp, by Mr. T. Coxe, of Gateshead. In the original, the wire, called the *pricker*, is introduced into the gauze tube from the bottom, for the purpose of regulating the wick, to increase or diminish the quantity of light, or to extinguish the wick on the approach of danger. Mr. Coxe's improvement consists in the addition of a short tube, perforated with a number of small holes, closed at the top, and introduced into the tube of the Davy, at the upper part of the lamp, so as to prevent the elongation of the flame. To this tube a wire is also fastened from the bottom, by which it is regulated. It differs, however, essentially from the pricker; as, by being drawn down, it not only extinguished the flame of the wick, but also completely puts out the blue flame of the inflammable gas, which always fills the lamp just before an explosion takes place. It answers in a moment of great danger; prescribes the same purpose as the extinguisher of a common candlestick.

An American paper says, "A small steam-vessel, the machinery of which, furnace and all, occupied only three feet in length and two and a half in width, and without a boiler, was witnessed on the 10th ult. at Philadelphia, driving a common ferry-boat, with twelve passengers, at the rate of eight miles an hour. It is the invention of Mr. Hawkins; and if the cylinder, which is only seven inches in height, had been a foot high, it is said that the power would have been doubled. It is proposed to call this mode of navigation, 'the Steam-boat Safety,' not being liable to bursting or scalding."

Windsor Castle.—The improvement at Windsor Castle, agreeably to the plan of Mr. J. Wyatt, is commencing. An opening has been already made through the castle wall, in a straight direction with the new road, forming through the garden of the upper lodge, that has been lately pulled down, and directly opposite the long walk, which will be the grand entrance to the castle. The old entrance, which is both dangerous and unpleasant, will be closed.

Sir Thomas Picton.—An immense cairn is about to be erected in South Wales, by subscription, to the memory of this heroic chief. Upwards of £1300 are subscribed to it.

Steam-carriages.—The application of steam-engines to the impelling of carriages on the public roads has hitherto been considered as a refinement in mechanics, rather to be wished for, than a matter of reasonable expectation. The locomotive engine was first employed by Messrs. Trevethick and Vivian, in 1802, and, by the application of their patent apparatus to an engine having an eight-inch cylinder, they were enabled to draw ten tons of coal at the rate of five miles per hour. An engine, on a nearly similar principle, was some time ago constructed in Ireland, for the purpose of impelling a new stage-coach; and the proprietor published a certificate, signed by two engineers, stating they had tried the vehicle in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, and that it impelled a coach loaded with a weight of nearly four tons, at the rate of twenty English miles per hour. It was steered with ease by one man, and was not so liable to accident as a carriage drawn by horses.

The Fireside.

"In order to employ one part of this life in serious and important occupations, it is necessary to spend another in mere amusements."
JOHN LOCKE.

"There is a time to laugh and a time to weep."—SOLOMON.

VIVE LA BAGATELLE.

Answers to the Conundrums, Puzzles, &c. in our last.

1. Because it is always ground before it is used.
2. It often bears arms.

5 score is 100
3
3/5 5) 300
1) 60
15
3
3/5 5) 45
9 or Nine.....N
6
2
1) 12
divided by 4) 4
1 or One .....O
5
3
15
3) 6
2
3) 12
1) 4
2..... 2
17 or Seventeen .....S
8 dozen is 96
3
3/4
4) 288
72
add 8
80 or Eighty.....E.

Answer NOSE.

ADDITIONAL.

4. Why is a surgeon like a kidnapper?
5. Why is a school-boy, who has just begun to read, like knowledge itself?
6. Why is a person with his eyes closed like a defective schoolmaster?
7. I'm a word of six letters, a vice of ill fame,
   Take away the first letter, I am a lady's name;
   Take away the next, I'm attached to the *crown*,
   Take away the third, and I'm colder than stone.

Chit Chat.

A gentleman paying a visit one morning last week to a family in Hanover-square, was shown into a room, where on a writing-desk was a paper, on which a lady had began to transcribe a song from the opera of *Love in a Village;* remarking that she had left off at the end of the two following lines—

In love should there meet a fond pair,
Untutor'd by fashion or art—

he took up a pen and completed the verse, by adding—

If on earth such a couple there are,
I'll be whipt to the tail of a cart!

This reminds us of a certain would-be poet, who being partially inspired by the muses, set down in the dog-days to try his hand. He contrived to hammer out one line, after which he fell asleep. A friend called upon him in this situation, and found on the paper before him the following line,

"The sun's perpendicular rays illumine the depths of the sea,"

Upon which he took up the pen, and added,

"And the fishes, beginning to sweat, cry, curse on't how hot we shall be."

Having done this, he retired; and it is needless to say, that when his lethargic friend opened his eyes, he was not a little surprised to find his task so singularly completed.

Singular Gombols of the present King of Naples.—On the day before Christmas-eve it is the King's custom to go a fishing, and on the following morning his delight is to exhibit himself, dressed in a white night-cap, and an apron round his waist, in the fish-market, selling his fish to the best bidder. There the Royal fishmonger may be seen, surrounded, "in all his glory," by the Lazzaroni, giggling, and eating bread and onions out of their filthy hands, and carrying on with them a conversation in their vulgar jarjon, of which he is a perfect master. His Majesty used occasionally to walk on the beautiful beach at the *Chiaja*, when he would suddenly sieze one of the Lazzaroni, and throw him with great violence into the water, and, on the instant, jump in after him, and bring him safe on shore. It was this freak of his Neapolitan Majesty which gave birth to Canova's two figures of *Hercules flinging Lichon into the sea.* On the last night of the Carnival, the King usually goes to the theatre of Saint Carlo, and having ordered a dish of maccaroni to be brought him, scalding hot, mixed up with oil, cheese, and beef-gravy, being in one of the upper boxes, when the pit is crowded with spectators, all attentive to the opera or ballet, his Majesty will throw the greasy mess, by handfulls, on his loving subjects; and those who wish particularly to be noticed by the Monarch, will tumble head-over heels, and scramble to pick up some of it to eat. The King, on this occasien, always appears to laugh most immoderately at those who are evidently vexed at beholding the unctuous marks of Royal favour on their holiday suits. —*Venice under the Yoke of France and of Austria.*

Bathos.—The following fine piece of bathos is from the *New England Galaxy:*—"The following specimen of a new translation of the Ænied into English, by a Dutchman, is worth preserving, as it is possible the whole work may never appear. The classic reader need not be told that it is a translation of the passage which describes the storm, and the incidents between Dido and Æneas, who were driven into the cave by its violence:

'Schtorm drive dem under
De cliff of de grove;
Dey mind not de tunder
But de schweet love!'"

Mr. Jekyl, hearing that Mr. Raine, the barrister, was retained as council for a Mr. Hay, jocosely asked a country friend, whether he ever heard of *rain* being of any service to *hay.*

Tailors' Accuracy.—A tailor (says a late publication, intitled "Mornings in Bow-street") when asked what he is, never replies simply, "I am a *tailor;*" but "I am a tailor by *trade;*" thereby seeming to signify that he is not a *tailor* by *nature.*

Frozen Fish.—It was observed by Captain Franklin, that during the severe winter they experienced near the Copper Mine River, the fish froze as they were taken out of the nets. In a short time they became a solid mass of ice, and by a blow or two with the hatchet were easily split open. If in this completely frozen state they were thawed before the fire, they recovered their animation. This is a very remarkable instance of how completely animation can be suspended in cold-blooded animals.

Sea Gulls.—Few people are aware of the voracious appetite of the common sea-gull. A few days since, two of these birds, which run in the grounds of General Ramsay, in Canterbury, devoured in one day fourteen mice and two rats. And on Sunday last, one of these birds swallowed an immensely large rat—*whole.* The bird made several efforts to gorge the animal, and at length succeeded, to the astonishment of the by-standers. The tail, however, was visible for several minutes.

Mother of Vices.—The Duke of Orleans, the Regent, had four daughters, distinguished by the names of the four cardinal sins. A wag wrote on their mother's tomb, *Cy gist l'Oisivite,* "Here lies Idleness," which is termed the mother of all the vices.

Large Mushroom.—A plant of this species, of the extraordinary dimensions of twenty-eight inches circumference, and nine inches diameter, was on Tuesday se'nnight, pulled by the gardener, in a field adjoining Rickerby-house, and on the day following served up at table by Mrs. Irving, of the Blue Bell Inn, Carlisle.

A Company for washing by steam has been set up, and an extensive establishment formed at Phippsbridge, near Merten, Surrey. The clothes are placed in copper vessels, where the action of the steam is brought to bear on them with great force, and by the revolving of the vessel the steam can act upon every part equally. After being perfectly cleansed for a short time, the clothes are taken up to a large loft and there dried by steam. The works at Phippsbridge are not yet finished, and of course the Company have not fully established the practicability of the process. If it should prove fully efficient, what is to become of the poor washerwomen?

A fine Ear.—A gentleman anxious to secure to his son a thorough knowledge of the science of music, applied to a professor for that purpose. Being informed by the teacher that all the instruction the young man might receive would be of little benefit to him unless he possessed a fine ear for music; the father replied, that, although, as the parent of the youth, he ought not, perhaps, to boast, yet he had never seen a person possessing a finer ear. "It is almost, I assure you (said he) as clear as crystal."

At a squirrel-hunt in Craftsbury and the neighbouring towns (in Vermont) in which the parties were engaged for several days preceding the 20th of April, there were killed 4370 squirrels, 1135 woodpeckers, 124 blue jays, 99 pigeons, 53 blackbirds, 18 woodchucks, 15 crows, 10 owls, 10 skunks, 2 minks, 1 weazle, and 1 hawk, making a total of 5838.—*American paper.*

Literal copy of a notice at Bootle.—Bootle cum Linacar. June 26 Notice is heer By given that thare will Bee A Lee Laid at 6d in the powend on the 2d daye of July— For the Yous of the Roads ——— Survayor

Several human bodies, entombed in very ancient coffins, scooped out of solid oak, were a few days ago discovered in a peat-moss, in good preservation, near Featherstone Castle, on the Northumberland border, and are now, we understand, in the possession of Lieutenant-Colonel Coulson, of Blenkinsop Castle.—*Carlisle paper.*

Biographical Notice.

THE LATE MR. JOSEPH HANCOX.

When the lamented death of this gentleman was announced in a recent number of the *Mercury,* it was unaccompanied with any commentary, because we had then reason to expect that some other friend of the deceased would prepare something appropriate on the occasion, and we therefore remained silent when our sense of duty prompted us to pay a passing tribute to the memory of an individual for whom we entertained much esteem. It now affords us satisfaction to find that Mr. Hancox's memory has not been slighted, as we apprehended. One of his friends has communicated an article to the *Monthly Repository,* which we shall here appropriate, as it is the production of one who is fully competent to the task of performing a delicate office without officiousness or common-place and worthless panegyric.

We hope that the able writer of the brief sketch we are about to transcribe will not deem it an office of intrusive supererogation on our parts, if we venture to preface his memoir with a remark of our own, as it relates to a point to which he, in all probability, attaches less value than we do. We allude to the highly-cultivated talent for vocal music for which Mr. Hancox was distinguished. His voice was manly and delicate; nor was he one of those who merely sing what they have committed to memory by dint of study or frequent repetition. He had cultivated a higher talent in the very best schools. His long and most intimate friendship with Mr. Samuel Webbe, whilst he lived in Liverpool, had been turned to the best account, and he acquired the greatest proficiency in an accomplishment very rare indeed amongst amateurs, and we might even add, professional men; we mean singing with ease and correctness from the score, at sight. Mr. Webbe had formed round him a choice group of glee singers, to whom we have often times listened with delight, and whose performance, embellished by his own masterly and delicate accompaniment, produced an effect for which we often listen in vain in the performance of our most popular glee singers. These gentlemen will long recollect with pleasure and regret the happy and innocent hours they have passed in good fellowship with the late Mr. Hancox, and to them no apology will be required for the preceding remarks of the EDITORS of the KALEIDOSCOPE.

"Mr. Joseph Hancox, second son of Mr. James Hancox, of Birmingham, and grandson of the Rev. James Hancox, formerly a respectable Dissenting Minister of Dudley, in Worcestershire. James Hancox, father of the subject of the present notice, was an extensive iron master in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, during a period peculiarly disastrous to persons engaged in such undertakings. He was a man of strict honour and undeviating principle, qualities which, in the imperfection of this world's institutions, do not always contribute to pecuniary advancement. At his death he was possessed of little property to bequeath to his children; but he had taken care to endow them with a liberal education, and his last legacy was an unsullied name.

"At an early age, Joseph Hancox selected Liverpool as his place of residence, and there entered into commercial engagements, in the course of which he had occasion to visit America more than once, as well as different parts of the Mediterranean. But it is not our intention to trace his progress in these pursuits, but rather, at the termination of his career, to offer a brief sketch of his character, as a farewell tribute to his memory.

"Mr. Hancox possessed most of the qualities requisite to give him consideration and influence in the circle in which he moved: he had travelled and seen the world, and consequently had the information and manners of a gentleman. He had a sound understanding, and a clear conception of the subjects in which society is wont to take an interest: and he possessed a talent for conversation which enabled him to impart his own impressions to others.

"As a man of strict probity and integrity of principle, his reputation was permanently high. In his more general and social character, he was the advocate of free discussion; jealous of every encroachment upon the independence of the subject, and a friend to all liberal institutions.

"In religion, Mr. Hancox was an Unitarian; free from the bigotry of sects and synods, and allowing to every one the same freedom of sentiment which he claimed for himself. In the year 1815, the society of Paradise-street Chapel, in Liverpool, published a volume of Hymns, intended principally for their own use, in the arrangement and compilation of which Mr. Hancox took an active part; revising nearly the whole, besides contributing several original compositions from his own pen. He was, indeed, from his talents as a critic, peculiarly well qualified for the task of revision: and the late Rev. Pendlebury Houghton, the elegance of whose compositions is so well known, did not scruple to solicit the benefit of Mr. Hancox's opinion and suggestions, before he committed to the press some of his latest publications.

"Occasionally, Mr. Hancox did not scruple to mingle with the noisy and bustling politics of the times; being a steady and consistent Reformer. His notions of the right and extent of suffrage he might carry somewhat further than some of his Whig friends, with whom he was in the habit of associating; but as he thought proper to judge for himself, so he cheerfully conceded to others the same privilege. He was, however, rather a private than a public character, and it was in domestic retirement or in social intercourse that he was most known and best appreciated. During his last illness he discoursed with animation upon the signs of a more enlightened and liberal spirit which were observable, not only in the national legislature, but in the local politics of the town in which he lived: contemplating, with evident satisfaction, that gradual but substantial improvement which has been forced into the administration of all persons holding authority, by the powerful influence of public opinion.

"Mr. Hancox was in the 44th year of his age, and had been married about ten years. He has left behind him a widow and three children. To them his loss will be irreparable; but they may yet experience that calm and solemn satisfaction, which cannot fail to allay the bitterness of grief, and which is to be derived from the reflection that his memory will continue to be cherished with esteem and affection, not only by his nearest and dearest connexions, but by all who had the happiness to enjoy his friendship, or the opportunity to estimate his worth."

The Bouquet.

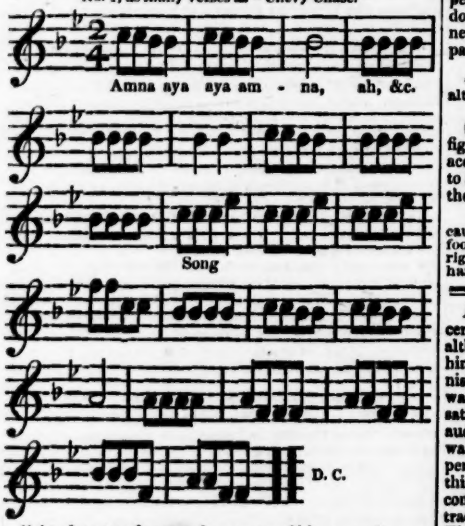
"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."
MONTAIGNE.

ESKIMAUX MUSIC.

(From Captain Lyon's Private Journal.)

"Captain Parry invited me on board the Fury to an Eskimaux concert, in which five ladies and a gentleman performed. Their tunes were extremely monotonous, but sung in good time.—This tune is most commonly used:

No. 1, as many verses as "Chevy Chase."



"As almost each person has a song of his own, of course every wife sings her husband's favourite air, unless in company, when all sing alike.

"*Okŏ-lōōk*, the man, uncovered his head while singing, and observing his little boy's hood up, pushed it back somewhat roughly. The women, while singing, either entirely closed, or kept their eyes half open in a very languishing manner.

"In return for the songs, Captain Parry and some of the officers treated the natives with some instrumental music, of which I thought the flageolet was most admired. *Ilŭg-lĭ-ak*, the wife of *Okŏ-lōōk*, appeared to have a very accurate ear, and seemed much distressed at being unable to sing in time to a large organ. All the women had remarkably sweet voices; and I think the tones of *Tōgŏr-lăt*, when speaking, were as musical as any I had ever heard."

No. 2 will be given next week.

Gymnasia.

NO. II.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I apprized you in my first communication that I should commence this series of the Gymnasia with some of the most simple exploits, the performance of which is unattended with danger, or much difficulty. The feat which is explained by the present figure, is one of this character; and it differs from the former in this circumstance, that it admits of great scope for competition, as I have known some persons who could chalk many inches further than others of precisely the same stature and length of limb. A straight line may be chalked on a floor, or the division line of the planks may suffice; or if there be a carpet a line may be obtained from its figure. The right foot must be brought up to this line, and must so remain. The left foot must also be brought to the same line; with the legs distant from each other at option, from twelve inches to two feet, or more, according to the convenience of the party. The right arm must then be passed under the right knee, as far as possible, and a mark be made on the floor with a piece of chalk, held between the first and second finger;—or if the trick be performed on a carpeted floor, a piece of money, &c. may be deposited from between the first and second finger. The person who can chalk or place the money the farthest, of course is the victor. In performing this feat, the left knee ought to be brought down as near the floor as possible, in which case it will necessarily overhang the line,* but the two feet must never pass the boundary line. Yours, &c.

☞

* The right knee will also overhang the boundary line, although not so much as the left knee.

☞ It has been suggested to us, in reference to the figure No. 1, given last week, that many persons who are accustomed to spring from the right foot might be puzzled to accomplish what was there described. To such persons the following note from the *Mercury* is addressed:

In this figure, the spring is made from the left foot, because the most expert leapers generally spring from the left foot. If any person who tries the experiment prefers the right foot, of course he must hold his *left* toe in his *right* hand, and leap over his *left leg*.

Don C. Bruguera's Concert.—This Gentleman's Concert, last Tuesday evening, was very genteely attended, although, we fear, it has not proved very productive to him. His delicate and finished performance on the Spanish guitar surpassed and delighted the audience, and he was repeatedly encored. Mrs. Curran's songs gave great satisfaction, and she received the warmest plaudits of the audience. Mr. Cohan, who presided at the piano-forte, was called upon by some of the company for a volunteer performance on his instrument. He very readily obeyed this unusual summons, and played a most difficult piece, composed by his master, Ries; in which he displayed extraordinary powers of execution, and was much applauded. The little Lyra, whom we particularly noticed last week, fully realized the most sanguine anticipations of the audience, who cheered her with the loudest applause. It is impossible to convey any adequate idea of the impression made by this most extraordinary infant upon all who heard her on this occasion; and we are much gratified to learn, that the public have another opportunity of judging for themselves, before she visits London, for the purpose of being presented to his Majesty. The following advertisement has been sent for insertion:

THE INFANT LYRA.

THE Nobility, Gentry, and the Public are respectfully informed, that by request of many families of distinction, the INFANT LYRA, who is on her way for presentation to his Majesty, will remain for a few days in Liverpool, and that the Lyceum will continue open every day, from Twelve to Three, and from Eight to Nine in the evening, for the reception of such company as may be desirous of hearing her performance. The limits of an advertisement will not admit of an interesting detail of the talents of this singularly-gifted Infant, whose age does not exceed three years and eight months; suffice it to say, that she performs with masterly execution long and difficult concertos on the Harp.

Further particulars may be known by referring to the bills of each day. Exhibition to open at Twelve o'clock each day.

Messrs. Maffey's Theatre, York Hotel.—This very clever performance continues to prove so attractive, that Messrs. Maffey have been induced to prolong their stay in Liverpool, as will be seen by their advertisement.

To Correspondents.

THE HAMILTONIAN SYSTEM.—We have, in a preceding column, inserted a letter from *Mr. Hamilton*, in reply to certain observations upon what is termed his system. This letter we have not declined, because it is free from those personalities which are to be found in the two letters we have received from opponents of the system. The former of those we have already noticed, and to the second subscribed M. B. we now take occasion to address a few lines. We have no bias in favour of Mr. Hamilton, with whom, we have no personal acquaintance. Indeed we always studiously keep aloof from individuals, whom, in their capacity as public characters, it may become our duty as impartial journalists to criticise. We think that there is more of good than of novelty in what is called the Hamiltonian system; and we wish to see its merits fairly canvassed. Our pages are open to animadversions upon it, however severe, provided they be just. But the communications we have hitherto received from its opponents, are such, as are ill calculated to elucidate the subject. The writer of that signed M. B. has occupied a great portion of his letter with an account of an interview he had with Mr. Hamilton, in which, he states, that an overture was made him by Mr. H. to become concerned with him as a conductor of Hamiltonian Establishments, an offer, which M. B. informs us he thought fit to decline; what the public has to do with this circumstance, whether true or false, we are at a loss to discover; and as the letter contains nothing much more to the real purpose, we decline it altogether.

☞ After having prepared Mr. Hamilton's letter, in the type, we have been compelled to postpone it until next week.

CORRESPONDENT'S SIGNATURES.—We have lately received certain communications from new correspondents, to which are appended the signatures of some of our oldest and most respected contributors. If any pieces, which are offered to us under these circumstances should be inserted, we must take the liberty to change the signature, especially if it be *G.* or *Sperans*, two correspondents, who by their talents and perseverance, have acquired a prescriptive right to the exclusive appropriation of the signatures, under which they have acquired a well merited reputation amongst the readers of the *Kaleidoscope*.

THE MARQUIS OF WORCESTER'S CENTURY OF INVENTIONS.—We had prepared in type the first portion of this singular book, and were writing some prefatory remarks which were necessary to elucidate the work, when we were obliged to pause for want of information on a particular point, which we cannot obtain in time for this week's publication. In our next we shall be in readiness.

STEAM NAVIGATION TO INDIA.—We this week publish a large portion of Captain Johnson's letter on this interesting subject, and shall give the remainder next week.

THE CHAPEL ON THE SHORE OF THE ADRIATIC, an original translation by *L. Man*, of Liverpool, is most acceptable.

UNAPPROPRIATED COMMUNICATIONS.—The letter of *Philo*, on Balloons, and that of *Duryng* of Bury, shall certainly appear in our next.

THE EARLS OF CHESTER.—We shall shortly avail ourselves of Sir J. Doderidge's work, with which we were lately favoured by a Friend.

S. M. B. is entitled to our thanks for the very flattering way in which he is pleased to notice us; although we differ from him respecting the comparative value of certain subjects. Perhaps he could himself do something towards accomplishing the desideratum he points out.

The PORTRAIT of GINEVRA shall have an early place.

Timothy Twist and *R. L.* of Wigan shall be attended to.

☞ The following paragraph was intended for last week's publication:

VARIETY OF THE KALEIDOSCOPE.—As we have remarked to the correspondent to whom we have addressed the preceding note, it is our wish to infuse as much variety as possible into our publication of this week, we have accordingly to enumerate about fifteen distinct heads or departments; comprising Men and Manners—Original Translations—Literature and Criticism—Scientific Records—New Patents—Monthly Fashions—Astronomical Notices—Chit Chat—Anecdotes—The Housewife—Biographical Notices—Poetry—Vive la Bagatelle—Gymnasia and Music.—Next week, on the new head of "The Phenix," we shall revive a work of great interest.

Letters or parcels not received, unless free of charge.

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Sold also by J. Bywater and Co. Pool-lane; Evans, Chegwin and Hall, Castle-st.; T. Smith, Paradise-st.; T. Warbrick, Public Library, Lime-street; E. Willan, Bold-street; M. Smith, Tea-dealer and Stationer, Richmond-row; M. Walker, Milliner, Tea-dealer, and Stationer, 47, Mount Pleasant; B. Gamage, 11, Clarence-street; and J. Lowthian, Library, 3, Great George-place; *for ready money only.*

☞ For the list of Country Agents, see the top of the first page of the *Kaleidoscope*, inserted the first Tuesday in each month.